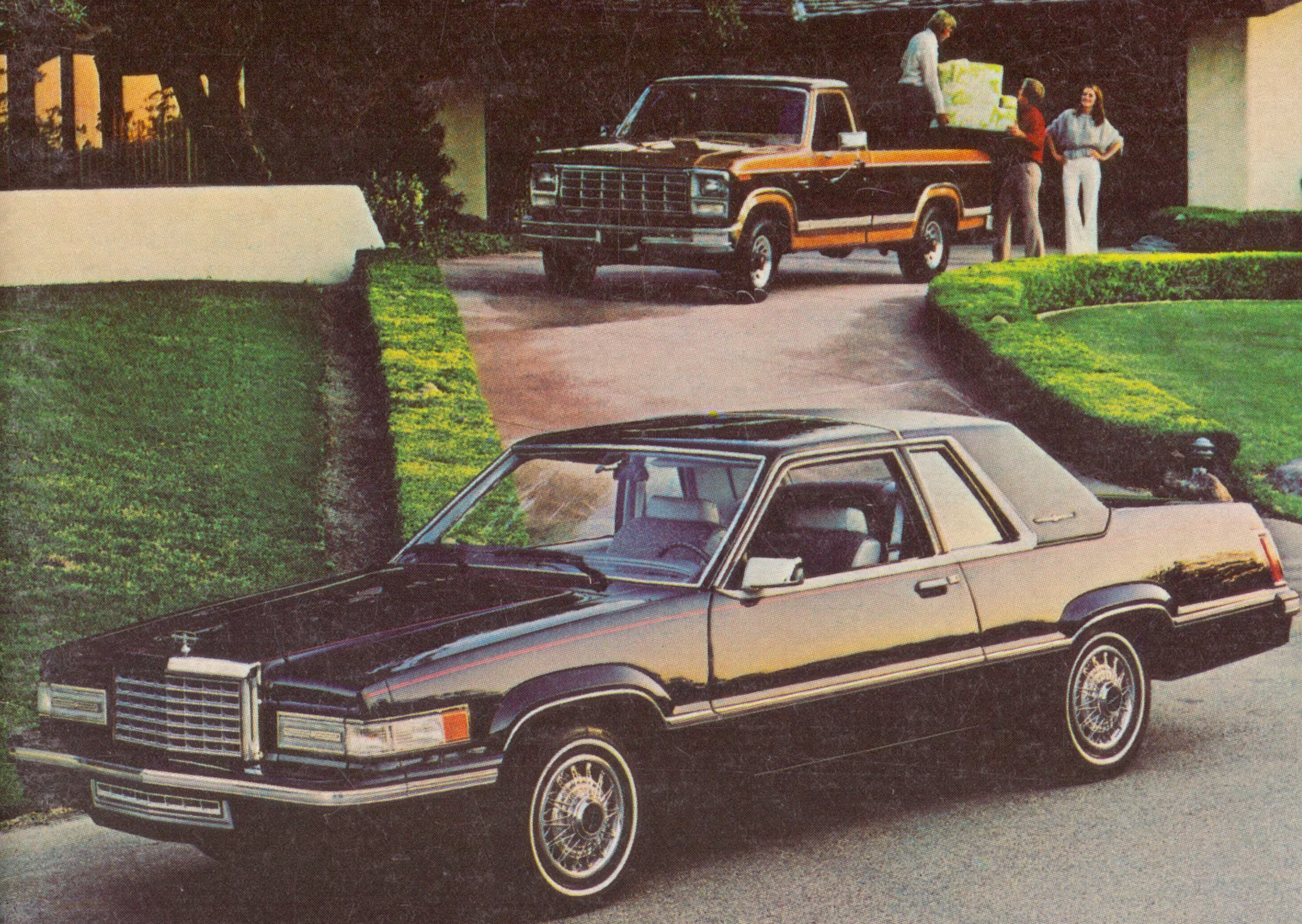


FORD TIMES

OCTOBER 1979



Special 1980 Preview:
Thunderbird, F-Series Pickups, Bronco

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FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

October 1979, Vol. 72, No. 10

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Cover: The Thunderbird and F-Series pickup truck are just two of the exciting 1980 products ready for a test drive at your Ford dealer's. Photo by Chan Bush.



Several Reasons for Liking Camden

Salty, shipshape, washed by air off the Atlantic,
this place sums up the best characteristics
of a Maine coastal town

by Cynthia Appleby

illustrations by Robert Eric Moore

CAMDEN is such an appealing seacoast town. Sometimes visitors who come to Maine to wander its streets are so preoccupied with the harbor, the ships and the shops that they don't notice how pleased all the *other* visitors are. It's a facial expression the town confers on its guests.

There are seaside towns and there are seaside towns and not all of them are like this. Maine has a whole string of lovely places along its coast, but some of them are so beautiful they go serious on you, like museums. Camden isn't beautiful beyond belief. It's very natural, very busy and very welcoming.

Camden has a number of things that make it distinctive. Foremost, from the point of view of its setting, are the Camden Hills, which rise up directly from the shore and provide the town with an interesting geo-

graphical backdrop unique on the Maine coast. A second distinction is the harbor, which is home port for the many schooners that take passengers out for six-day summer voyages all over Penobscot Bay. A third is the fact that the wonderful American poet Edna St. Vincent Millay spent her early years growing up here.

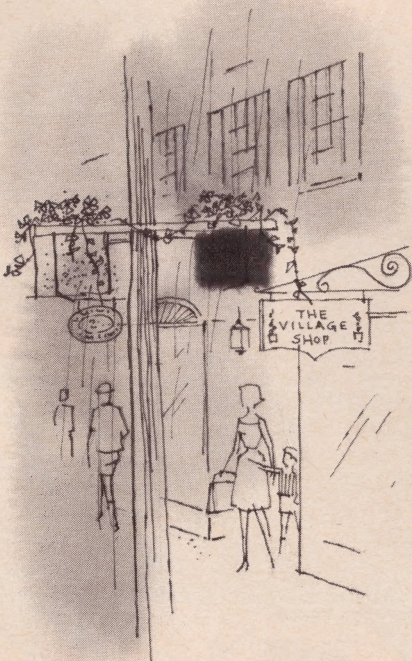
Anyone who wants to explore Camden can do so on foot because it's so shipshape and compact, but perhaps a better start is to take a look at it from above. A mile or two north of town a road leads upward to Camden Hills State Park and its highest spot, Mt. Battie. From here, 800 feet above mean tide, there is an incomparable view of the town and its harbor, with the tiny schooners and other sailing ships at anchor, the various islands lying green in the blue bay and the Atlantic rising dramatically so that the



horizon is half way up the sky.

The town is made for an easy walk. Main Street is barely a few hundred feet long and along with it a short stretch of Bay View Street and a short stretch of Elm Street make up all the business section.

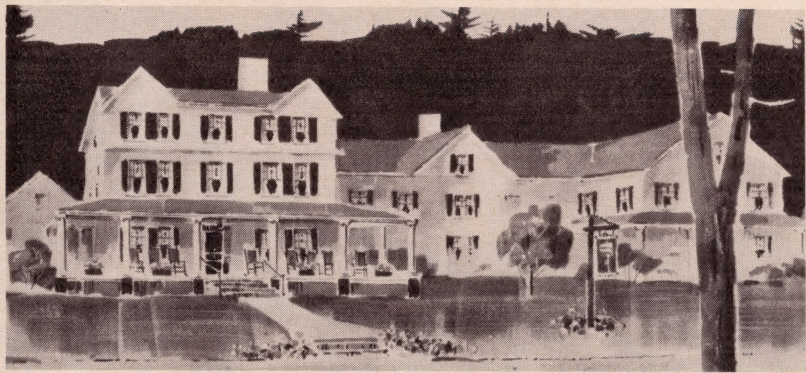
At first it doesn't seem noteworthy, but in a short while it turns out to be quite endearing. On Main Street, for example, all the lampposts — there are 54 of them — are encircled at a height of 10 feet by moss-lined baskets containing geraniums and pe-



tunias. Someone with a watering can and a ladder takes care of them three times a week. This kind of civic beautification is more characteristic of France than America, but there it is in Camden.

The streets are lined with the expected assortment of shops found in any working community, except that here and there is an antique shop or an art gallery or a leather worker. There are four or five restaurants, each with a fish chowder worth remembering, which is to say it's full of fish. And there is a fish market where, one day last September, an outdoor sign announced lobster at \$1.89 a pound. You lobster lovers in Detroit, Chicago and Omaha — eat your hearts out.

At the north end of Main Street we come on something decidedly unusual: a rocky river that rushes down from the west and flows right under the street before it tumbles into the harbor. This river — the Megunticook — can be turned on and off. It is sometimes turned off at the request of the House of Logan, a women's dress shop smack up against the river's edge; you might say it has its feet in the water. In order for the shop to get its windows washed or repairs made, ladders must be set up in the riverbed, but this can't be done in the rushing stream. Accordingly, the shop telephones the Knox Woolen Mill, up-river, to close one of the locks for a while. The Knox people are very obliging and so the Megunticook is turned off like a faucet until the



Logan people get their work done.

Everyone walks along Bay View Street because it provides exactly what its name says — a view of the harbor. Between buildings there are several openings through which one may pass to the wharves, where there are benches for people who want merely to look at ships and smell salt air and listen to gulls. In one of those openings is a slip in which an old tugboat, the *John Wanamaker*, rests, now functioning as a restaurant serving very sophisticated food.

Perhaps the most charming place on this street is a combination bookshop and motel called The Owl and the Turtle. Its main floor and basement are an excellent and lively shop and its upper floors have four rooms for eight guests. Each room has a balcony overlooking the harbor and it is one of the deepest satisfactions of a visit to Camden to stay there (if you reserve far enough ahead) and have the bookmotel's complimentary Con-

tinental breakfast while watching the fascinating business of ships being prepared for voyages. Can you imagine forming affection for a motel room? You will here.

It's a lovely walk half a mile out High Street in the opposite direction from The Owl and the Turtle to another attractive hostelry, the Whitehall. This road is flanked by one beautiful house after another, dating from the late 18th and early 19th centuries. The inn itself, white as its name says it is, dominates a high embankment and has 4,000 square feet of veranda.

The Whitehall, managed crisply and decorously, has strong associations with Millay. Here the young lady, still in her teens, read her poetry to wealthy out-of-town guests and so impressed them that they helped her get to college — and to fame. The Whitehall has a Millay room on whose walls are hung 16 photographs of the poet, her high school diploma



(she graduated from Camden High in 1908) and some manuscripts of her poems. The pictures reveal a beautiful girl and beautiful woman who radiated excitement, who communicated this excitement to others and who — as her poetry proved time and again — was in love with life.

We stroll back toward town past the handsome houses, but this time dip into the side streets west of Main Street to see houses of a different order. Here are fine examples of Victorian dwellings featuring elaborate porches with turned spindles and towers covered with dragon-scale shingles.

Camden is a cultivated place, with a considerable history of association with painting and music. Anyone who knows about American art will recognize the names of George Bellows and Leon Kroll. Both painted here. There is a story about Kroll being out in the bay to paint from a rowboat and, thinking he couldn't make it back via his oars, raised a large canvas over his head to catch the wind and sailed back to Camden harbor. There's more than one way to use canvas to get places.

The music of Camden (it shares this with its neighboring town to the south, Rockport) stems largely from cultivated Philadelphians who summered here and still do. You might say that Camden is a summer cultural outpost of Philadelphia. The names of Curtis, Bok, Zimbalist and Wolf crop up often. Since there isn't a concert hall around that will hold more than 500 people, the

music is chamber music.

Industry isn't very conspicuous here. The woolen mill is the biggest employer. A few years ago Bill and Marilyn Moss came out from Michigan and established Tentworks in an old brick building on the Megunticook. Here they design and manufacture some of the most sophisticated fabric structures in the country.

The most newsworthy company, in all likelihood, is Tibbitts Industries, which manufactures miniature microphones and speakers for hearing aids. This is a highly specialized technology which even the Japanese have not yet mastered. The astonishing fact is that part of the Tibbitts production is exported to Japan! How's that for a switch?

Camden is the home of two national magazines — *Down East*, which is known to everyone with a serious interest in Maine, and *The National Fisherman*, which is known to everyone with a serious interest in the commerce and pleasure of America's shores.

But music, antiques, wool, tents and magazines notwithstanding, the mood of the town comes from the sea — not the roaring Atlantic assaulting granite headlands (that's a dozen miles out) but a sedate sea given to orderly tides. Look in the area's Yellow Pages and you'll see columns devoted to boats, fish, sail, rope, net and marine engines — and 24 entries under "lobster."

That tells you something, doesn't it? □

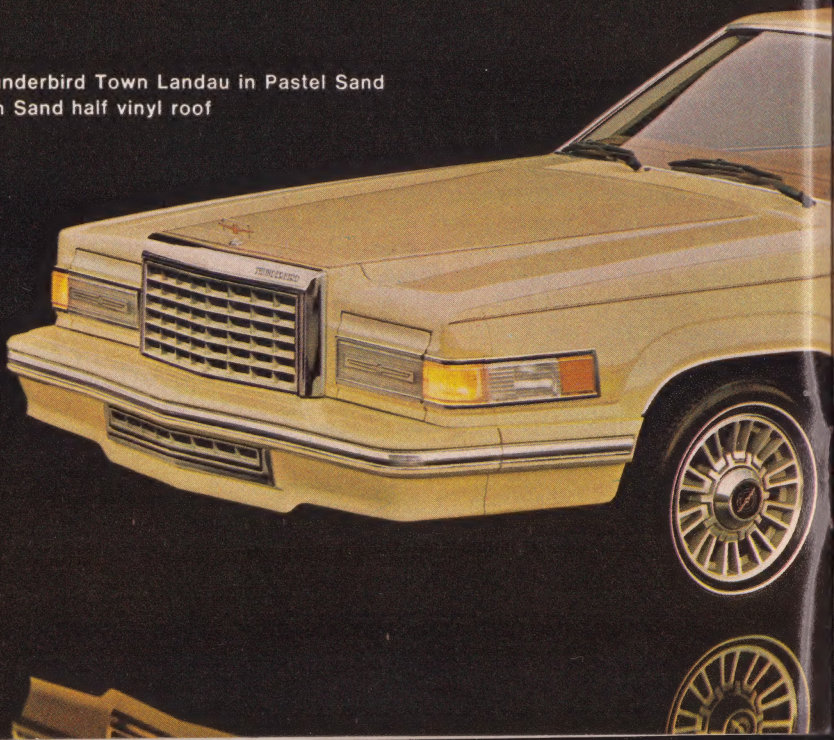
1980 — A New Thunderbird Era Begins

by Nancy Kennedy

THERE HAVE been many exciting, innovative Thunderbirds over the past 25 years, but none like the one offered for 1980. This newest Thunderbird is the ninth generation of an automobile that has caught and held the imagination of the motoring world since its introduction in 1954.

And what a Thunderbird! It has distinctive new styling — with all of the unmistakable touches that say Thunderbird — plus this prestige car's traditional luxury and a sparkling array of new features including the electronic wizardry of push-button keyless locking. Despite all of

Thunderbird Town Landau in Pastel Sand
with Sand half vinyl roof



Thunderbird's famed glamour, it is still a very practical — and yes, affordable — car in tune with the '80s.

This Thunderbird for a new era — a luxury car for today and tomorrow — is trimmer on the outside for easier handling and parking than last year's model. Yet on the inside, the 1980 Thunderbird has much more rear seat, leg and knee room and, with the new mini-spare tire, more trunk space than in last year's car.

Highlights of the 1980 Thunderbird:

- **AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE.** This optional new four-speed automatic overdrive transmission, designed for fuel efficiency, is available with the optional 5.0 liter engine. It combines the convenience of automatic shifting with two fuel-saving features — an overdrive gear ratio and a mechanical “no slip” power flow. Over 40 mph and in overdrive gear the engine turns at a slower speed, saving gas, money and engine wear.
- **INSTRUMENT PANEL.** Its clear lined beauty contains many wonders. Principal among them is the optional Electronic Instrument



Cluster with its digital speedometer, miles-per-hour/kilometers-per-hour conversion at the touch of a switch, and graphic fuel tank display. Another option is the Diagnostic Warning Light cluster on the upper tier of the instrument panel with warning lights for headlights on, low fuel, low washer fluid, lamps burned out and door ajar.

- **KEYLESS ENTRY SYSTEM.**

Five small calculator-type pushbuttons in the upper driver's door act as the key. When depressed in the proper coded sequence, doors or decklid can be unlocked. The system also locks the doors automatically. Included with the Keyless Option is an illuminated entry system that turns on the vehicle's interior lights and illuminates the keyless entry buttons and conventional keyholes when any button is depressed. The car and its trunk also can be unlocked with a conventional key, when desired.

The designers' objective was to keep the new two-door, four-passenger Thunderbird on the leading edge of contemporary design without compromising its traditional luxury. The result is an elegant classic attuned to the times.

Aerodynamics greatly influenced the final 1980 Thunderbird design. Prototypes of the 1980 Thunderbird were put through hundreds of hours of wind-tunnel testing to achieve a design that contributed to overall improved fuel economy.

The front and rear designs stay

uniquely Thunderbird. Concealed headlights and wrap-around taillights, for example, are reminiscent of the best Thunderbird designs. Thunderbird cues are also retained in the designs of the "egg crate" chrome-plated grille, grille-opening panel and distinctive hood ornament.

Soft injection-molded urethane fascias cover both the front and rear bumpers. In addition to an attractive appearance, quality is enhanced through a significant reduction in potential surface defects. Further, the fascias on both front and rear are not subject to corrosion.

The new deep-well trunk design, with a standard mini-spacer, provides 17.7 cubic feet, more space than in last year's Thunderbird. The deep well allows luggage to be stood upright, and lower liftover height makes it easier to load and unload.

The interior of the 1980 Thunderbird strikes a blend of comfort and personal luxury. Rear-seat knee clearance is increased by 2.8 inches and rear-seat leg room by almost four inches over last year's models. The "Master Control" seating position combines a revised seat height and angle with a 1.2-inch reduction in cowl height and a lower beltline to provide the driver a commanding view of the road.

All seat configurations — the standard flight-bench seat as well as the optional low-back bucket seats and split-bench seats with dual recliners — contain inertia-activated seat-back releases that replace the previous



Thunderbird in Silver Metallic with Silver half vinyl roof

manual and electric seat-back release systems. With the inertia system, the seat back is automatically locked in place during vehicle deceleration or stopping. Otherwise, it is free to move.

The Thunderbird also features new continuous loop lap-and-shoulder belts with a single vehicle-sensitive retractor. This design is comfortable and also provides improved freedom of movement and easy entry to and exit from the rear seat.

The manual door locks on the 1980 Thunderbird are in a horizontal position behind the door handle on the facing side of the armrests for anti-theft protection.

Two convenient stalk-mounted controls on the steering column operate the turn signals, headlight dimmer, horn, windshield wipers and washer-fluid control.

Thunderbird's strut-type front suspension incorporates selected spring

rates and unique isolating components to offer a luxury-class ride while retaining Thunderbird steering and handling characteristics.

The optional TR-type tire represents a breakthrough in tire design, construction and performance. Available on Thunderbird for the first time, this tire offers a unique appearance because of its tread and cast aluminum wheel designs.

The 1980 Thunderbird offers two engines — the standard 4.2 liter (255 CID) V-8 and a 5.0 liter (302 CID) V-8. The 4.2 liter, the newest addition to the Ford family of engines, is derived from Ford's current 5.0 liter engine.

The Thunderbird Town Landau offers the traditional Thunderbird features with an even higher level of luxury as standard equipment. A sampling of this top-of-the-line car's standard features are padded rear half-vi-



Interior Decor Group includes split bench seats

nyl roof with wrapover band and coach lamps; hood, bodyside and decklid stripes; color-keyed vinyl insert bodyside moldings, and Electronic Instrument Cluster.

Then add 18-ounce luxury carpeting, Interior Luxury Group, new electronic search radio, many power options and engraved owner's name plaque on the instrument panel.

And as always on Thunderbird, there are many other new options including: a garage-door opener; flip-up removable moonroof; three versions of Ford's new electronic search radio, including AM/FM, AM/FM 8-track and AM/FM cassette with Dolby® noise reduction system and a premium sound system with power amplifier and six upgraded speakers.

Also new for 1980 are an elec-

tronic digital clock and an Autolamp On/Off/Delay System for adjustable headlamp shut-off delay and an automatic on/off control for dawn and dusk.

The Silver Anniversary Thunderbird, which goes into production in December 1979, will commemorate the 25 years of Thunderbird personal luxury-car excellence. A unique roof treatment and a special color — Anniversary Silver Glow — will be among the many luxury features designed to celebrate the proud Thunderbird heritage.

For complete details on the 1980 Thunderbird, ask your local Ford dealer for a brochure.

And while you're at the dealership, spread your wings and test drive a new Thunderbird. □

Fallingwater

A testament to America's greatest
and most controversial architect

story and photos by David L. McKown

THE GENERAL contractor stood ankle-deep in the cold waters of Bear Run, leaned on a timber, and looked critically at the huge, gray slab of concrete that loomed over him. Calculations or no, genius or no, he would not allow his men to be crushed by that thing when they knocked out its supports. He climbed up the banks and told the architect exactly that.

Enraged, the older man ignored his nearly 70 years, scrambled down to the water and stood beside one lone workman as the supports were removed.

Forty years later, the home, Fallingwater, still clings tenaciously to the sides of that mountain valley and bears continuing testament to America's greatest and most controversial

architect, Frank Lloyd Wright.

A few years earlier, economic hardship and widespread public disapproval of his unusual life-style had left Wright totally without commissions. To survive, he had opened a school in his home to teach his unorthodox architectural concepts. Among his students was Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., son of the wealthy owner of a Pittsburgh department store. When the Kaufmann family decided to build a year-round retreat in the western Pennsylvania mountains, he recommended Wright, and a long friendship based on mutual respect and admiration was begun.

Kaufmann had selected a site that would provide a magnificent view of a mountain waterfall. As usual, Wright



Fallingwater hangs to a rock cliff towering over a waterfall

had a different vision. His theory of organic architecture dictated that the Kaufmann home should become part of the valley, one with the forest. It would grow from the rock cliff that towered over the falls, soaring above them and shielding them from view. He felt that their beauty would be better appreciated if some effort was required to see them. Not surprisingly, Wright prevailed.

The house began to grow. Local workmen anchored the huge cantilever arms into the cliff. Upon these, they set a great tray of reinforced concrete as the base for the rest of the structure. As it hung into space over the falls, defying gravity, pillars of native sandstone from a nearby

quarry were stacked on it. A smaller tray was placed on them, and then the process was repeated. Wright filled the space between the pillars with sweeping expanses of glass to allow nature to live within the house. He made as few interior walls as possible, for he hated the usual box-within-a-box construction. Open areas flow into each other, with only hints to indicate their division.

Parts of the great trays give each bedroom a private balcony, and since the contours and angles of the house provide privacy, blinds exist only in the guest bedroom — at that, a hard-fought concession to the Kaufmanns. The heart of the home remains the airy first level. Here a magnificent

fireplace, with its boulder hearth still part of the living cliff, predominates. Comfortable built-in furniture designed by Wright clusters along the glass walls, inviting conversation or quiet contemplation of the forest. An uneven, waxed flagstone floor ties the areas together.

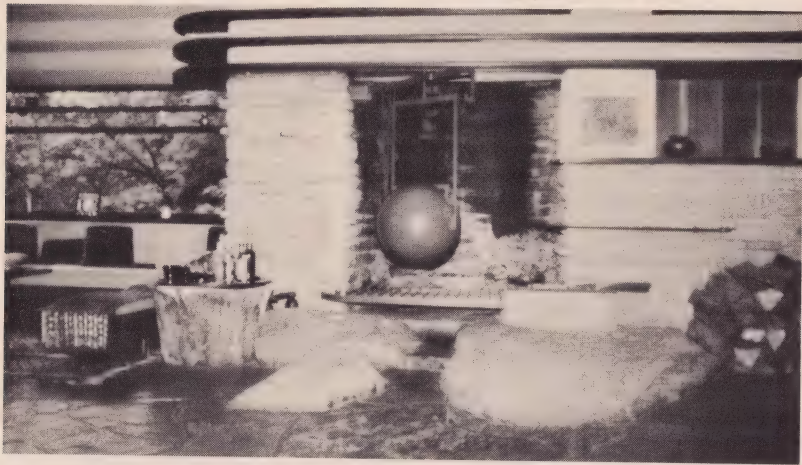
The home is furnished with items chosen by client and architect. When Wright visited Fallingwater his hosts would often find that he had left a new piece of art or had moved some piece of furniture to a location which suited him better.

During one such visit, Kaufmann confessed that he had authorized an additional support wall under part of a second-level terrace. Surprisingly, the volatile Wright did not erupt. Instead, he smiled and led his client beneath the deck. He pointed out that he

had secretly removed the top row of bricks several months earlier and suggested that now the rest of the wall could be removed as well.

For many years the Kaufmann family and their guests enjoyed the beauty and solitude of the home on Bear Run. Fallingwater became one of the most celebrated private residences in the world, and is an outstanding example of Wright's theory of organic architecture. The home and grounds were donated in 1963 to the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy, an organization dedicated to the preservation of the natural beauty and historic significance of western Pennsylvania, by Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., and Fallingwater is now open to the public. The home is on State Highway 381 about four miles south of Normalville. □

The fireplace's boulder hearth is actually part of the cliff



ELECTRO

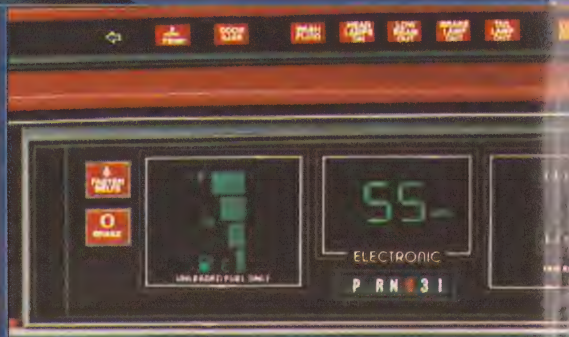
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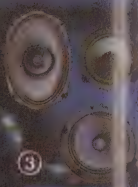
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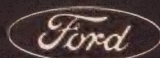
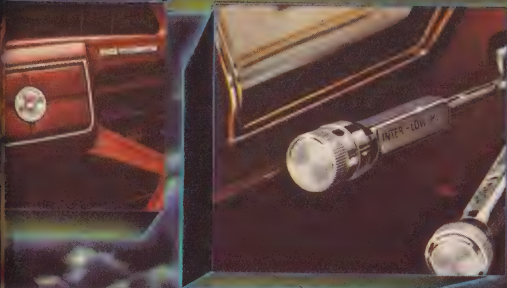


5. The Illuminated Entry System. Raise the door handle and the interior lights go on. At the same time, a ring of light automatically surrounds the keyhole for easy insertion. A nice nighttime convenience.

6. Fingertip Speed Control. A touch sets your speed so you can sit back and relax. And once you brake, a touch of the convenient "resume" button automatically accelerates you to the previous speed. Also new for '80 in light trucks.

7. Interval Windshield Wiper. A fingertip touch of any of three convenient settings—low speed, high and adjustable pause—lets you quickly adjust to inclement weather.

Put a little magic in your life. See your nearest Ford Dealer and order your new car with any of his sensational options for '80.



Electrical and
Electronics Division

TIES AT YOUR FORD DEALER.

Virginia's Haunted House Highway

Here are 175 miles of unexcelled haunting

by Mary Reeves Mahoney

illustrations by Robert Rozas

STRANGE THINGS happen in Virginia. Shadowy figures pass through doors without opening them. Unseen presences rock in empty rocking chairs. Gentlemen revisit the scenes of duels they lost.

Watch out in this region. What will you do if something under the bed grabs your ankles?

Along one stretch of highway (I-95, Alexandria to Richmond; I-64, Richmond to Hampton) stand some of Virginia's most famous haunted houses. Phantoms wearing ball gowns, shrouds, tricornered London hats or deerskins return to them. They chatter, wail, throw kisses, gallop on horses, even nip the scuppernong wine on the sideboard. How else to explain music played for General Lafayette

on an ancient piano? Or a small boy who has searched a moonlit garden for over a hundred years, hoping to find his beloved puppy?

That these historic homes have ghost guests is easy to understand, for spooks have been welcome in Virginia since 1607. Early colonists understood them and ultimately permitted the better behaved ones to become members of the family. To such Southern hospitality, of course, ghosts responded in numbers. They like to be liked, the same as anyone else.

The colonists were English, and part of their cherished heritage was the rich ghost lore surrounding England's and Europe's castles. So new phantoms in the New World were a comforting tie with home.



Rozas

At Shirley, oldest plantation in Virginia, an ancestor called "Aunt Pratt" has deviled the nine generations occupying the place continuously since the 1700s. Aunt Pratt was one of those problem relatives every family has. No prettier than a mud fence, she nevertheless hung her portrait in her sister's elegant house and made everybody look at it for years. When she moved to England and later died, the picture was stored.

Then trouble started. A relentless thumping began to sound through the attic floor. The picture inched from its storage spot, it twisted, it toppled over whenever it was turned to the wall. Generations of sleepy children were soothed by their elders explaining, "That's only Aunt Pratt up there carrying on again."

Recently experts discovered another face beneath Aunt Pratt's. Itinerant artists used to furnish portraits repainted completely except for the face. Aunt Pratt's features were placed atop someone identified as Cynthia.

Says C. Hill Carter, owner of Shirley, "We didn't know we had a Cynthia, but we finally found one in the family tree."

The portrait has been touched up and Aunt Pratt restored to Shirley's sitting-room wall. In blue shawl and white dress, she's holding her place once more in a mansion known for strikingly beautiful women. And she hasn't given the Carters another speck of trouble.

Scotchtown, which is a house and

not a town, was ghost-infested when Patrick Henry bought it. A hostess lifts the corner of the hallway rug, and there on the huge floorboards laid down in 1717 is a russet stain of about 15 x 5 inches.

"You'll never get blood out of wood," she says. "Never. A man was murdered on this spot. The owner before Mr. Henry was extremely jealous of his beautiful wife. Found out a chap was calling on her when he wasn't home. Shot him right here. They say the fellow comes back on the quarter moons."

She replaces the rug. "Families living here have always had spirit experiences. Once children playing at dusk saw a woman walk from the cellar entrance to the outside kitchen. Shawl over her head. Dark cloak. They thought it was their mother and called to her, but they couldn't catch up. Followed her clear to the loft, but she disappeared.

"They came in and their mother was sitting right there by that fireplace, sewing. They said 'Mama, why didn't you wait?' Know what the mother said? '*I have never left this fire since you went out.*' So who was the spirit they saw?"

Scotchtown offers the perfect habitat for haunts: Its second story hasn't a single window. Because England taxed the colonists for each window, the entire upstairs was built as storage area. And when poltergeists hunt for a pad, aren't big dark attics one of their favorite locations?

At Westover, overlooking the

James River, only a ghost can get inside the magnificent house except for its once yearly opening to the public. But a ghost there is at Westover, beautiful Evelyn Byrd who died at 28 of a broken heart.

Only daughter of Col. William Byrd II, Evelyn at 18 sailed to England for presentation to the queen, and there fell in love with a Londoner. They were an ideally matched couple except for differing religions. Her father forbade marriage, and this obedient girl of the 1700s returned to Virginia.

After years of yearning, she died and is buried beside her grandparents near the house. Her grave bears a 221-word epitaph composed by her father in the style of *Alas, Reader! and Be reminded by this awful tomb . . .*

And Evelyn still visits

her home. A pre-Civil War guest described "the vapory unreality of a young woman" at the foot of her bed. Recently Evelyn was seen again "floating a little above the lawn . . . transparent . . . the gauzy texture of a woman's form, beckoning . . ."

The Harrison family, destined to provide our country with two presidents, owned Westover's neighboring plantation. Anne Harrison, Evelyn's dearest friend, witnessed her "dazzling in ethereal loveliness, standing beside her grave. She drifted toward me, smiling, then vanished."



Above Fredericksburg at Alexandria are two restored houses where tales of psychic phenomena persist.

To Gen. Robert E. Lee's boyhood home returns the shade of a small black dog.

Nearby at Ramsay House there was documented as recently as 1975 the levitation of a chair, and the specter of a long-ago disowned son. "I know," insists an employee, "there's a presence here. I've felt it."

And that's the only way to be about ghost tales — believe them. Take Williamsburg for instance. At

the George Wythe house there, the believers say that Lady Anne Skipwith has treaded the moon-beamed stair for 150 years. One hears the swish of her cream silk ball gown, the click of a slipper heel alternating with a stocking foot.

Distraught after watching her husband flirt at the Governor's Palace, this beauty ran home alone, losing one of her dancing shoes. She took her young life, and today lies under the mossy stones of Bruton Parish churchyard.

The disbelievers say that Lady



Anne never lived in the Wythe house; she couldn't have danced at the palace because it had burned down; she wasn't a suicide, she died in childbirth; and that's her sister-in-law in the churchyard.

Who needs such doubters to go messing around with the mystic and romantic?

Virginia has other haunted houses, notably Belle Grove and Haw Branch Plantation, but the most ghosts frequent Fort Monroe, which encloses a whole village within its water-filled moat. Its residences have welcomed VIP guests since long before the Monitor and Merrimack battled within the fort's view.

The apparition of Jefferson Davis's wife, Varina, wearing a dressing gown, has stood at a fireplace in Old Quarters One. It is said that the wraith of Varina grieves over her distinguished husband's incarceration in leg irons at the fort after the Civil War ended.

Residents at the fort have also reported seeing the vapory unrealities of Lafayette and Ulysses S. Grant. Sounds of marching boots issue from cellar tunnels. Ghost Alley has had its name since 1870 when a spook called the Light Lady began prowling.

Edgar Allen Poe wrote ghostly poetry at Fort Monroe. Following the Black Hawk War of 1832, Chief Black Hawk was imprisoned here along with Fast-Swimming Fish, Whirling Thunder and White Cloud the Prophet, considered by the Indians to be in touch with the spirit



world through his dreams. Their phantasms return.

With so many ghosts in one spot, let's hope they're acquainted and sometimes even have fun together. Why not? Maybe sometimes they get together around a buffet laden with party food and punch, and White Cloud talks things over with Poe while Lafayette and the Light Lady trip a minuet. Certainly these never-say-die characters have their own Halloween parties.

Of course they do. Let's not be disbelievers, always pulling down shades. □

The First New Trucks of the '80s

by Cara L. Kazanowski





Ranger Lariat F-350 4x4



THE FIRST new trucks of the '80s arrive at your Ford dealer's this fall.

"We've invested \$700 million to make the F-Series pickup trucks — America's best-selling nameplate — and Bronco the first new trucks of the '80s," said James A. Capolongo, Ford vice president and general manager of Truck and Recreation Products Operations.

"Our new lineup maintains the Ford toughness, plus we've added Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension to 4x4s and Bronco, an all-new instrument panel, a Six-Wheeler pick-up, and a host of other functional and convenience features.

"Thanks to a more aerodynamically efficient design and to such additions as standard radial tires on the F-100 and F-150 and a new, more efficient part-time transfer case for four-wheel-drive vehicles, we expect to improve our fuel-economy ratings that gave us excellent light-truck gas mileage* the last three years," Mr. Capolongo added.

"Our new pickups also have bigger payload capacities than in 1979, based on equivalent GVWs, which means more payload with better fuel economy* for truckers."

Ford continues to offer something for everyone with its full line of F-Series pickups: the F-100, F-150, F-250 and F-350. Next, there are two cab choices: Regular Cab, a two-door

*At the time this article was written, 1980 fuel economy information was not available. See your Ford dealer or the 1980 EPA Mileage Guide.

seating three adults, and SuperCab, a two-door extended cab, with new twin windows, for seating of up to six and/or storage space (not available on F-100).

Pickup cargo boxes come in two shapes: Styleside, whose cargo box side panels are set within the fully sculpted rear fenders, and Flareside, whose newly designed fiberglass fenders extend out from the box (on short wheelbase models only). The F-350 also comes in a Chassis-Cab model that allows you to add a custom body.

Adding versatility to this lineup is the new Six-Wheeler model with dual rear wheels, available on the F-350 Regular Cab, which has the biggest F-Series payload rating of 5,437 pounds. When equipped with the optional Heavy-Duty trailer towing package, the F-350 can tow trailers, including fifth-wheel trailers, weighing up to 8,000 pounds.

Powering F-Series pickups and Bronco are the standard 4.9-liter (300-CID) I-6 engine and these optional V-8s: 5.0-liter (302-CID), 5.8-liter (351-CID) and 6.6-liter (400-CID). See your Ford dealer for information about the many combinations of wheelbases, cargo box sizes and engines.

The vast number of functional "under-the-skin" improvements give F-Series trucks and Bronco good handling and maneuverability in 1980 — and for the years to come. Ford truck engineers introduced a lower overall steering ratio for quicker turning, and added adjustable camber on 4x4 mod-

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1980 F-SERIES and BRONCO MODELS

F-100/150/250/350	Custom	Ranger	Ranger XLT	Ranger Lariat	Free Wheeling
Regular Cab	X	X	X	X	X
SuperCab	X	X	X	X	—
Chassis Cab	X	—	X	—	—
Styleside — Single					
Rear Wheels	X	X	X	X	X
Styleside —					
Six-Wheeler	X	—	X	—	—
Flareside	X	—	X	—	X
4X4	X	X	X	X	X
Bronco	X	—	X	—	X

vent window locks, inside hood release, upgraded ignition system and die-stamp identification numbers on engine, transmission and other major components.

There also is a new handy tool box located under the hood that includes a movable worklight with magnetic base and reel with 20-foot retractable cord and a locking inside hood release.

All these and still more functional improvements and additions are packaged in a rugged new Ford pickup truck design. Crisp new body and hood lines are highlighted up front by rectangular headlamps and a grille treatment that retains the traditional tough Ford truck appearance, and in the rear by wraparound taillamps made of high-impact plastic.

The F-Series and Bronco's new color-coordinated instrument panel was designed with convenience for the driver uppermost in mind. The master control seating position includes a brow

cluster with lights for turn signals, high-beam headlights, brake warning, 4x4 mode and fasten seat belts. All major controls now are identified with international symbols and the new center control module holds the radio, air conditioner, heater and new optional electronic digital clock with date, time and elapsed time features.

Also new is a storage bin to the right of the steering column, well within the driver's reach. New coin storage and beverage cup depressions are in the glove compartment door.

In addition, the new F-Series and Bronco interiors feature:

- New seat construction with full foam padding
- Increased leg room
- Improved climate control system with four registers and three outlets for improved defrosting
- Rigid seatbelt holsters for one-hand operation
- Easier seat track adjustment

As in the past, the F-Series offers four levels of trim, beginning with the Custom and moving up through the Ranger, Ranger XLT and Ranger Lariat. Additionally, there are the Free Wheeling Packages for the young-at-heart, this year available with all trim levels in both Styleside and Flareside pickups.

The Free Wheeling Package "A" includes pinstriping, a blackout grille and headlamp doors, and four sport wheel covers. Free Wheeling "B" includes Package "A" contents plus: fog lamps, bumper guards, Handling Package, bright rear contour bumper

(Styleside), bright channel bumper (Flareside), 10-hole aluminum wheels in place of wheel covers, simulated leather-wrapped steering wheel, plus Sports Instrumentation Package with tachometer, trip odometer, ammeter and oil pressure gauge. In addition, Styleside 4x4s with Free Wheeling "B" include a GT bar and styled steel wheels in place of 10-hole aluminum wheels.

Standard on the Custom 4x2 are Ford's popular Twin-I-Beam front suspension; radial tires on F-100 and F-150; chrome front bumper; bright windshield moldings; new double-pan-

Reclining Captain's Chairs are optional





The Six Wheeler is a new addition for 1980

el roof; color-keyed sun visors and "A" pillar, header and cowl side trim panels; coolant recovery system; door vent windows, and anti-theft items already mentioned.

Also debuting on the 1980 F-Series are 10 new exterior colors, new Victoria Tu-Tone paint-and-tape treatment, three new interior colors and new interior vinyl, cloth-and-vinyl, and knit vinyl fabrics.

By listening to what pickup customers said they wanted, Ford added to the already long option list. New are such features as electronic digital clock, Accent Tape Stripe, lower bodyside vinyl-insert moldings and, on SuperCab only, color-keyed console and high-back, tilting captain's chairs that include deluxe seat belts with comfort regulator that allows you to ease seatbelt tension.

Ford truckers now have a choice of

six radios for the beginning of the '80s with factory-installed AM/FM stereo radio with cassette tape player and AM/FM stereo radio with eight-track tape player. All stereo systems include high-level door speakers while rear seat speakers are included on Bronco.

For CBers, Ford continues to offer factory-installed 40-channel CB with these new features truckers said they want: fluorescent channel display, last-channel memory, direct access to Channel 9 (help station), five-channel memory and automatic scan. All radios include a Travelers Advisory Band for easy access to road and weather reports.

There's also a large choice of standard bias-belted or optional radial-ply tires on the F-250 4x2 and on all 4x4s.

Most of the F-Series and Bronco optional equipment groups are revised. Your Ford dealer can give you

details on these, which include the Camper Special Package, Handling Package, Snow Plow Preparation Package and two Trailer Towing packages: Light-Duty for trailers up to 2,000 pounds and Heavy-Duty for trailers over 2,000 pounds. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

1980 Bronco: A Great Family Four-Wheeler

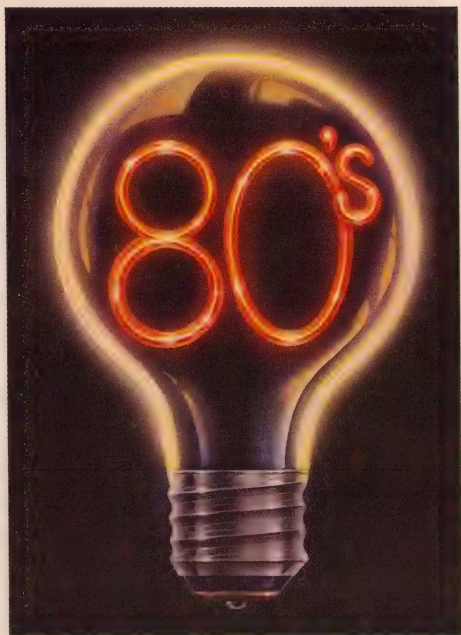


The Bronco is ideal for on or off the road

The redesigned Bronco, with most of the engineering and design features of the new F-Series and then some, is an advanced family four-wheeler.

For 1980, the utility vehicle that loves to take you off-roading offers a number of new features, including expanded powerteam lineup with new standard 4.9-liter (300-CID) I-6 and optional 5.0-liter (302-CID) and 5.8-liter (351-CID) V-8s. Bronco also sports unique interior trim and new interior, exterior and roof colors. Bronco fans now have their own Free Wheeling packages and the Ranger XLT — the most luxurious Bronco — adds lower bodyside molding with vinyl inserts and a one-piece, color-keyed inside rear trim panel with integral armrest, ashtray, storage bin and second switch-operated courtesy light. An auxiliary heater option has been added to give improved comfort in cold weather. An optional stereo radio adds two rear speakers.

As always, there's plenty of room to take family and friends off-roading — up to six passengers — thanks to the optional rear flip/fold bench seat. □



Better Ideas for the 80's— to make the 80's better for you.

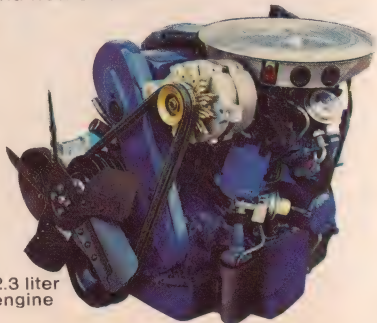
Ford has been known as the Better Idea Company for many years—and with good reason. Our many advances in automotive engineering and passenger comfort constitute a list we can well be proud of.

The new Ford cars and trucks at the leading edge of the 80's are making impressive additions to that list. Just take a look.

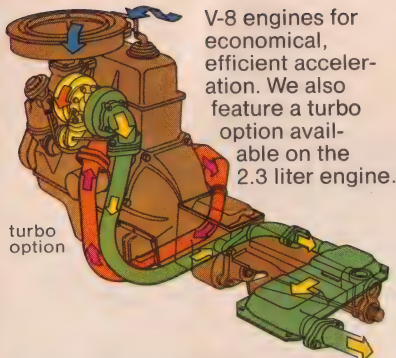
Ford's latest strides in fuel economy.

Our concern about gasoline shortages matches yours. Some of our 1980 contributions to better MPG's include: our new automatic overdrive

transmission (in addition to our well-proven manual transmissions with overdrive), 2.3 liter 4-cylinder and new smaller



2.3 liter
engine



V-8 engines for economical, efficient acceleration. We also feature a turbo option available on the 2.3 liter engine.

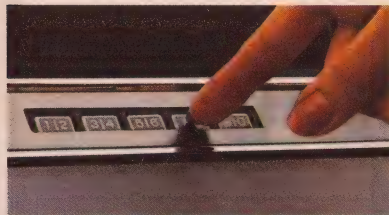
It provides added acceleration for easy passing and freeway entry. Available mid-November. Consult your Ford Dealer. Also the first new truck of the 80's with increased aerodynamics over 1979 models.



automatic overdrive

Ford's Better Ideas, continued.

They go far beyond fuel efficiency. Ford's Better Ideas for 1980 and beyond include: the U.S.A.'s only



keyless entry system

Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension for trucks; an optional keyless entry system which allows a Ford car owner to tap out his own number combination on a door-mounted microcomputer—and unlock the door; an optional fully electronic instrument panel with space age instrumentation including an electronic fuel gauge, digital speedometer, and a bank of diagnostic warning modules; more energy-efficient halogen headlights—and much, much more.

The idea behind it all: a happy Ford owner.

A most worthy goal. And we seek to accomplish it with every customer—not only through product excellence, but in other significant ways. For example, Ford provides a new anti-corrosion warranty. See your Ford Dealer for details. The Ford Extended Service Plan, an option



electronic instrument panel

which offers longer protection than your car's basic warranty, is another fine example. And our pioneering work in the establishment of Consumer Appeals Boards nationwide is still another.

We invite you to see our 1980 Better Idea cars soon.

Three Free Minutes in Paris

Ships and planes aren't the only ways to travel across the Atlantic

by Rosalie Goldman

illustrations by Bruce Bond

THURSDAY, I tried to put through a call to Paris. Some people can call the moon, but never before had I placed a call across an ocean. Information 411 instructed me to go back to O for operator and request overseas service.

I spell the name slowly for Overseas. It is predictable from her gentle twang that she will not get it correctly on the first spelling — somehow we are out of rhythm on feeding helpful syllables to each other — but are we going to review it more than this fourth time? No. She has it. We are on her next question.

"How do you say it?"

"Fwa-dvo."

"Fad —? Fawd —? Fervoo —? I can't say it."

"Fwa-dvo. It's French."

"I don't know French."

"It doesn't matter. You can always spell it to the Paris operator. But you're doing fine. Try it again — Fwa-dvo." She does, and I add, "You're a fast learner."

She sends me one giggle. We are injecting some personal collusion into this voyage about which, oddly, she has some doubts. The idea she conveys is that, adding my advice to her experience, she will complete this connection with the professionalism she craves, fooling all France. Anyhow, we are beginning to enjoy a feeling of mutual enterprise. She is my Tour Guide. Voice in voice, as hand in hand, she is going to lead me right up to the Frenchman I want.

"What is the address?"

"University of Paris, Orsay. There's an office number, 217."

I have been sitting on the edge of my seat. I can hear wisps of conversation from her local switchboard, which is two towns away or 100 miles. A man with a deep, rolling voice is discussing business. It comes through thinly. He is not talking to me.

Then suddenly all local noises cease. A new kind of telephone sound enters. The music for ringing across an ocean is fuller, higher, with more vibrato. I push to the back of my chair and lean into it. It's the takeoff. These buzzings and twittings tell me we're on our way. I can see our signals, see us, Overseas and I, jetting through the



wires across two-thirds of the United States, into the cables under the Atlantic (or is it all satellited now?) and zing! charging into the wires of France (perhaps at Normandy like D-

Day?). There are little flutterings through me. Overseas must have leaned back, too, for she chats, with some surprise, "It's 3:30 there."

A second later, we hear a click, and a sweet, clear voice says, "Allo, Parrrris, can I helllp you?"

My guide has led me up to and through the gates of Paris. We have arrived. Landed. I am in Paris, the glamour city of the world. My unfulfilled dream of a lifetime. I pull in a breath. I smile.

Overseas begins brilliantly, "The university, please. The University of Paris, please. The number."

"What?"

"The University of Paris."

"Which one?"

Overseas wilts. How can there be more than one university in Paris? Why should there be? She has forgotten Orsay. I rush to insert it.

"*Université de Paris d'Orsay. Orsay.*"

I HAVE SPOKEN IN PARIS. I have spoken there. My voice is echoing in Paris. It is acting upon French people. I listen. They will reply. It will create action there. I am where my voice is. It is a part of me. I am in Paris. Then my French r's roll out of the attic dustbins of my mind. The French I studied so lovingly, so long, to use on a French visit that somehow never happened. So that finally it got stored away in mental nooks and crannies. Now Parisian voices are summoning it, and it is spilling out.

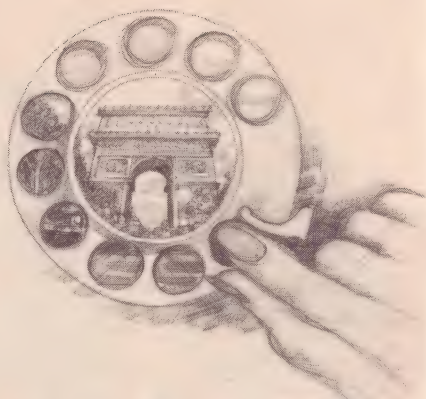
"*Paris-Sud, s'il vous plaît. Orsay.*"

Ahhh. I have made Paris very happy. She does not have to deal with Overseas any longer. She rolls her French r's back at me, and I am lost. But, staunchly, I repeat, "*Paris-Sud d'Orsay, Géophysique, n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Oui,*" she trills, "*un moment*" — and, of course, disappears.

Overseas is worried, despairing. A foreigner has disrupted our close compact. Anxiously, almost harshly, she rushes at me, "What did she say?"

I am startled. After all, it was so



simple. "She said, 'Yes, just a minute.'"

"Oh," Overseas replies with relief. She slides into a willingness to let me handle it as long as I can. Our roles are switched.

Miss Paris returns with 303-1278. *Merci*, from me. Thank you, from Overseas. With Miss Paris gone, we are together again — two buddies in a foreign land. As we wait on the French line, I hear wisps of other conversations in French. A French operator replies gaily, "*Voilà, c'est ça.*" I am now overhearing citizens of France going about their daily business, just as, at the start of the call, I could overhear Americans going about their daily business. Just as back home, there is a cut-off of these sounds. Miss Paris must have dialed it for us. We do not have to begin again. The next moment I am standing before the desk of a department secretary (probably just like my geology department's secretary and desk) as she answers and tells us something

French about "*physique*." It's Overseas' chance to demonstrate the French she learned from me.

"Yes. Professor Ferdoo. No, Professor Fado." What has happened to Overseas is a case of stage fright. Does she want me to help? I do.

"*Professor Froidevaux, s'il vous plaît.*"

"Ah . . ." More flutterings inside me. We are almost at the laboratory door of the famous man. I can see it down the hall. "*Le professeur n'est pas ici . . . garble, garble, ruplay.*"

Overseas asks, "What's that?"

I say, "*Répétez, s'il vous plaît.*" What's *ruplay*? I can't match it to any French word I have ever known, and what came in between *ici* and *ruplay*? I could become an international bore

if I continue with my "*Répétez,*" so I try, "*Je comprends les mots n'est pas ici' mais après là?*" She repeats in French exactly as before, ending with garble, garble, garble *ruplay*. I am exactly where I was before. And Overseas knows it. She demonstrates disillusionment with me. She and Miss Laboratoire try it out several times.

I am content to sit back, savoring the luxury of this lavish connection, which is coming to me free through the courtesy of telephone information. Now they are involved in numbers. Overseas is beginning to sound ragged. I launch into French numbers, as Miss Laboratoire tries them in English. She is in deep trouble, and so am I. We reinforce each other. Over-



seas, distrusting us both, shows in her voice what she thinks of us. She turns vocally to me, "I am going to ask for Language Assistance."

I sing out, "*Merci, au revoir*," and just catch an "*au revoir*" before we are cut asunder. I have been sliced from the office of the professor who can cover pages with one equation — like Newton — like Einstein — like my calculus book — and who does it

all over there in that Parisian laboratory I didn't quite get into.

But we are going to have one more swing at Paris. Language Assistance is with us, cool, collected, lively — ahem, her English is limited. This seems to surprise Overseas. They can't speak English over there. The telephone is international — don't they know that? But Language Assistance returns with a perfectly under-



standable message that Professor F. is on vacation. And next time, if we want a more direct line, his extension is 2120 or 2575. She has been useful.

Overseas, who enjoyed the challenge at the start, returns us to our respective home towns cynically.

"That's not a number you can call — 21202575 — it does not have a proper prefix."

"I don't think that's what Language Assistance meant. I think she meant 303-2120 or 303-2575."

"No, she said 21202575."

"I believe she said 'or.' "

"Well, if you heard her say it, I certainly didn't. If you want to try it that way next time, maybe it'll get you what you want."

She is no longer my Tour Guide. I appreciate her leading the trip, but I am floating in a cloud of lovely French sounds and voices (just think, three different people). We are no longer sharing. So, I say, "They are in France. They expect you to speak French."

"I don't know it, and I don't want to."

With a dead phone, I can hang up. I am back home. I don't need Overseas any more. The *voilàs* and *mercis* and *voicis* are dancing in my head, like the bubbles in French champagne I never had. The thrill of the trip curls my toes around my chair legs.

I didn't get my man, but I did get Paris. □

COLLECTORS' ITEM

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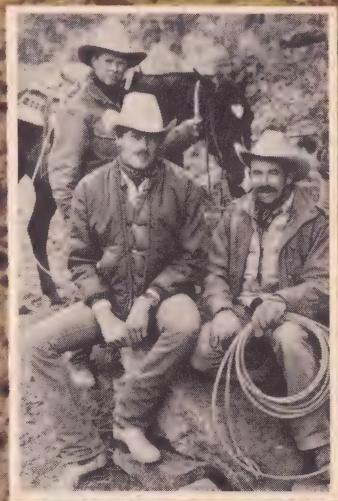
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ADOPT A WILD HORSE

story and photos by David R. Frazier



NOT ALL mustangs, pintos and broncos are Fords. In many sections of the American West they are magnificent wild horses roaming the range.

This horse population is growing so fast that the animals are competing with cattle and big game for forage on the sparse range.

In one area of Idaho the wild horse population jumped from 118 in 1971 to 525 in 1978. In an effort to keep both the ranchers and horse lovers happy, the U.S. Department of Interior's Bureau of Land Management has come up with an "adopt a horse" program.

Under the plan, private citizens are able to obtain a wild horse for free — they simply have to feed and care for the animal. Roundups are conducted in late fall. In areas of Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada and Oregon where there is an abundance of wild horses, the Bureau combines modern technology with traditions of the Old West during a typical roundup. Helicopters gently guide the animals into corrals while cowboys assist on horseback.

Wild horses have roamed the West for more than a hundred years, but, rather than coming from herds established by pioneers and prospectors, most of today's wild horses are strays from area ranches or offspring of such animals. Some even have brands from former owners.

For information on the "adopt a horse" program, write to Adopt a Horse, P.O. Box 25047, Denver, Colorado 80225. □

EDISON'S BETTER IDEAS



Henry Ford and Thomas Edison

Henry Ford admired Thomas Edison so much that he named a now famous museum-village complex after him

by Richard L. Routh

IF HENRY FORD were alive today, he no doubt would be immensely pleased with Ford Motor Company's use of the light bulb in its advertising to symbolize the better ideas in Ford products. For Ford worshipped the genius of no man more than that of the light bulb's inventor, Thomas Alva

Edison. And nowhere is this more evident than in the sprawling complex consisting of Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Michigan.

First off, Ford named the complex the Edison Institute. Although the institute's interest is a great deal broad-

er than just those things connected with Thomas Edison, it has a wonderful collection of Edison artifacts.

Further, the institute will celebrate its 50th anniversary October 21, and the celebration will be highlighted with a reenactment of Edison's landmark creation of the first successful incandescent lamp 100 years ago on that same day.

"He was my boyhood hero and my

friend in later years," Ford said. "Although Mr. Edison was called the wizard of the electrical world and everyone thought that electricity was the coming thing, he encouraged me to go on with my second car."

Ford first met Edison in 1896. Ford was then the chief engineer of the Edison Illuminating Company of Detroit and, in his spare time, already at work on a gasoline-driven vehicle.

The laboratory where Edison developed the incandescent lamp (original apparatus mounted on oak board at left) is now in Greenfield Village



After hearing of the young Ford's after-hours pursuits, Edison is said to have brought his fist down on a table with a bang and stated: "Young man, that's the thing! You have it — the self-contained unit carrying its own fuel with it! Keep at it!"

The friendship continued long after Ford had launched his car company. For a time, Ford experimented with using special Edison batteries. Using financial assistance from Ford, Edison experimented with rubber substitutes. They frequently exchanged notes and Ford presented his friend with cars — a 1923 Lincoln and, later, in 1927, the first Model A Ford, both of which are now on display in Henry Ford Museum. The two often went on camping trips, sometimes accompanied by notables such as John Burroughs, the naturalist; Harvey Firestone, the inventor, and President Warren G. Harding.

Thus, as Ford began developing his idea for an indoor-outdoor museum to be built on his Dearborn farm land, it was only natural that he wanted to include an overview of the works of Edison, whom he considered to be America's greatest inventor.

Ford began his now famous collection in 1905 by acquiring some of Edison's laboratory instruments. As Ford broadened his interests to include the preservation of historic buildings, he began moving to his Dearborn farm the homes, shops, mills, furniture and machines that had been significant or representative in this country's development.

While other museums were collecting the finest artistic expressions of world culture, Ford was rescuing from extinction the steam engines, kerosene lamps, apple parers, flat-irons and scrub boards of preindustrial America. His plan was to exhibit the paraphernalia of the common American family as well as great national treasures.

His aim, he said, was ". . . to give us a sense of unity with our people through the generations and to convey the importance of American genius to our young . . ." His worry was that Americans would otherwise lose three centuries' heritage of their technological and agricultural growth.

To Greenfield Village, he moved buildings of people he admired — his schoolmaster's simple residence, the classic Revival home where Noah Webster finished his first dictionary as well as buildings used by Abraham Lincoln, George Washington Carver, Luther Burbank, Robert Frost, Wilbur and Orville Wright, and, of course, Edison.

One of his proudest accomplishments was the 1928 purchase, systematic excavation and transfer of the ruins making up the six buildings in Edison's Menlo Park (New Jersey) laboratory compound — complete with seven railroad cars of the compound's red topsoil. The buildings then were re-created in Greenfield Village as they were in 1876-1886, Edison's most brilliant and creative years when he developed at Menlo Park 420 of his 1,093 patents. While

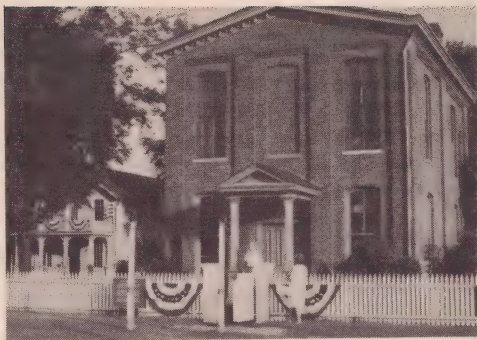
at Menlo Park, Edison more than exceeded his goal of a major invention every six months, and a minor invention every 10 days, obviously setting the example for his famous saying, "Genius is two per cent inspiration and 98 per cent perspiration."

Inventions from Menlo Park included the carbon button telephone transmitter, phonograph, electric pen improvements (for producing stencils used in printing), chalk loudspeaking telephone, incandescent lamp and electric light systems, electric railway and many telegraphic improvements.

Ford made every effort to furnish each of the rooms in the Menlo Park compound as they were when Edison worked there. For example, the main laboratory has 1,400 bottles of chemicals lining the walls. Tables and shelves display Edison inventions. A pipe organ is a replica of the one used by Edison and his men for short entertainment breaks.

Upon seeing the Menlo Park restoration, Edison remarked that it was "99.9 per cent perfect." The one fault Edison noticed was that "our floor was never this clean."

Museum collections also reflect the scope and impact of Edison. In the museum's eight-acre Hall of Technology, visitors can see an Edison bipolar dynamo; an Ediphone, forerunner of the dictating machine; a replica of Edison's first phonograph; the first electric engine generator used in America's first central electric station; a stock ticker tape machine; a projective kinoscope for showing



The re-created Menlo Park compound

motion pictures and much more.

Since its dedication in 1929, the Edison Institute has grown steadily. From 27 buildings, the 240-acre Greenfield Village now has more than 100. It also features an entertainment park with a 1913 carousel, a railroad operating two 1870s locomotives and a crafts area. Meanwhile, Henry Ford Museum's 14 acres of exhibits, fronted by its impressive replica of Philadelphia's Independence Hall, have grown to include comprehensive collections of decorative and home arts, lighting and communications devices, land and air transportation vehicles, farm and shop machinery.

Last year, more than 1.7 million people passed through the gates of the institute to enjoy and learn from an American past that Henry Ford preserved as a tribute to the friend he admired most. □

Editor's note: For information, write Dept. M, Edison Institute, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



CLOUD 9

COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO

The magnificent view of Coeur d'Alene Lake from the rooftop dining room in the North Shore Motel attracts area residents as well as travelers and vacationers. Recreation facilities include three heated pools, golf, tennis and many winter sports. Lakeside sleeping rooms feature private balconies. Breakfast, lunch and dinner are served every day year-round with a family-style chicken dinner served every Sunday from noon until 7:30 p.m. Reservations recommended. Closest main highway is Interstate 90. Exit from I-90 south on Northwest

Boulevard. Proceed to North Shore Plaza in City Center.

Quiche Lorraine

- 6 cooked 5-inch crepes
- 2 slices bacon, cooked and finely chopped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Swiss cheese
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup minced onion
- 1 tablespoon flour
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg, beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Line buttered muffin pans with cooked crepes, so the crepe edges are ruffled. Sprinkle bacon crumbs in shells, then top with cheese and onion. Mix flour, salt, egg and milk. Pour into crepe shells. Bake at 350° 15 to 20 minutes or until filling is set. Cool 5 minutes in pans, remove and serve hot. Makes 6.

THE WALNUT ROOM

COLUMBUS, INDIANA

This intimate and chic dining room in the heart of this architecturally interesting city features a blend of good food and artistic decor. Christine Lemley, with an impressive background of Paris La Varenne and Cordon Bleu training, presides over the kitchen and dining room with her husband, Max, and a creative staff. Open for lunch Monday through Friday and dinner Monday through Saturday, it is closed Sundays and holidays. Reservations, please. It is at 507 Third Street, about 50 miles south of Indianapolis.

Pork Chops Charcutière

- 6 pork chops, cut 2 inches thick
- 1 tablespoon coarse salt
- 3 garlic cloves, crushed
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon fresh basil, minced

- 1 teaspoon minced thyme
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- Sauce (recipe below)
- 3 cups hot, cooked rice

Mix salt, garlic, basil, thyme, nutmeg and pepper to smooth paste. Rub on both sides of chops, place in covered glass dish and refrigerate 6 hours. Wipe mixture from chops and sauté in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil 7 minutes on each side. Place in baking dish, cover and bake at 325° about 25 minutes. Remove to hot platter, skim fat from pan and pour juices into sauce (below) with 2 tablespoons butter over low heat. Pour over chops and serve on rice garnished with basil and parsley. Serves 6.

Sauce: Sauté 1 medium minced onion in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or olive oil until transparent. Add 4 minced garlic cloves and cook until onion is light brown. Add 1 cup dry white wine, 1 cup brown stock, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup tomato puree, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced parsley and 1 tablespoon Dijon French mustard. Simmer until reduced to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced dill pickles and season to taste.



CHEZ PAUL FRENCH RESTAURANT LAHAINA, MAUI, HAWAII

Any trip to the Islands should include a visit to Maui, and one of the delightful diversions there should be dinner in this charming restaurant presided over by Paul Kirk, a Frenchman, and his Belgian wife, Fernande. The Continental menu lists many of the favorite hors d'oeuvres, aperitifs, seafoods, entrees and desserts prepared from recipes collected by the pair while visiting abroad. Dinner is served daily except Sunday and Monday. It is about 5 miles east of the charming town of Lahaina on State Highway 30.

Escalope de Veau Valdotin

Cut 2 pounds thinly sliced veal tenderloin into 24

pieces and pound flat. Coat lightly with flour and sauté in 4 tablespoons butter until lightly browned. Set aside. Heat 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Add 2 large chopped onions, 1 cup sliced mushrooms, 8 slices diced bacon, 1 teaspoon chopped garlic. Sauté until lightly browned. Add 8 peeled and crushed tomatoes. Cook slowly until slightly thickened. Spread thin layer of tomato sauce in large baking dish. Top with 8 thin slices cooked ham. Distribute veal pieces evenly on ham slices. Pour Wine Sauce (recipe below) over veal and cover with 8 thin slices Monterey Jack cheese. Garnish with paprika. Bake at 300° 15 minutes or until cheese is bubbly. Serves 8.

White Wine Sauce: In saucepan, heat 4 tablespoons butter, blend in 1 tablespoon flour, then slowly stir in 1 cup milk and 2 cups white wine. Simmer slowly, stirring about 30 minutes. Stir in ½ cup cream mixed with 2 beaten egg yolks and mix well. Remove from heat. Makes about 2½ cups.

ZACHARY'S IN THE COLONNADE HOTEL BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Offering more than 100 fine Continental dishes and outstanding table service, this fine restaurant in the 300-room luxury hotel is a magnet for epicures. Noted as a gathering place for gourmet societies, it is the site of many elegant banquets and has been given the National Restaurant Association Award. Open for dinner daily except Sunday. The address is 120 Huntington Avenue, a few blocks west of Copley Square.

Gateau Colonnade

- 1 cup sugar
- ⅓ cup unsweetened cocoa
- ½ cup milk
- ¾ cup cake flour

- ½ cup softened butter
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 6 eggs

In a large bowl, stir together sugar, cocoa, flour and ⅓ cup milk. Add butter, baking powder and soda. Mix at medium speed 5 minutes. Add 3 eggs and 3 tablespoons milk. Mix 2 to 3 minutes, while scraping sides of bowl. Add remaining eggs and blend at high speed 1 minute. Pour batter into 3 greased and floured 8-inch layer pans that have been lined on bottoms with waxed paper. Bake at 350° 20 minutes or until firm to touch. Cool and turn out of pans. Spread Chocolate Frosting between layers and on top.

Chocolate Frosting: In saucepan, combine ¼ cup milk, 8 ounces unsweetened chocolate, ¾ cup confectioners' sugar and 3 tablespoons corn syrup. Stir over low heat until milk just begins to bubble and chocolate is melted. Remove from heat, cool and stir in 2 tablespoons Crème de Menthe.

Feasting on the Church Supper Circuit

by Mort Hochstein

illustrations by Thomas Greene

THERE ARE MANY restaurant guides for this country, but I usually take my dining cue from notices in local supermarkets or drugstores, or listings in small newspapers, or signposts in front of churches.

I'm a church supper fan. I've eaten chicken pot pies in Barnet Center, Vermont; baked ham and beans in

Flemington, New Jersey, and chili in Texas, all in good company and all at very fair prices.

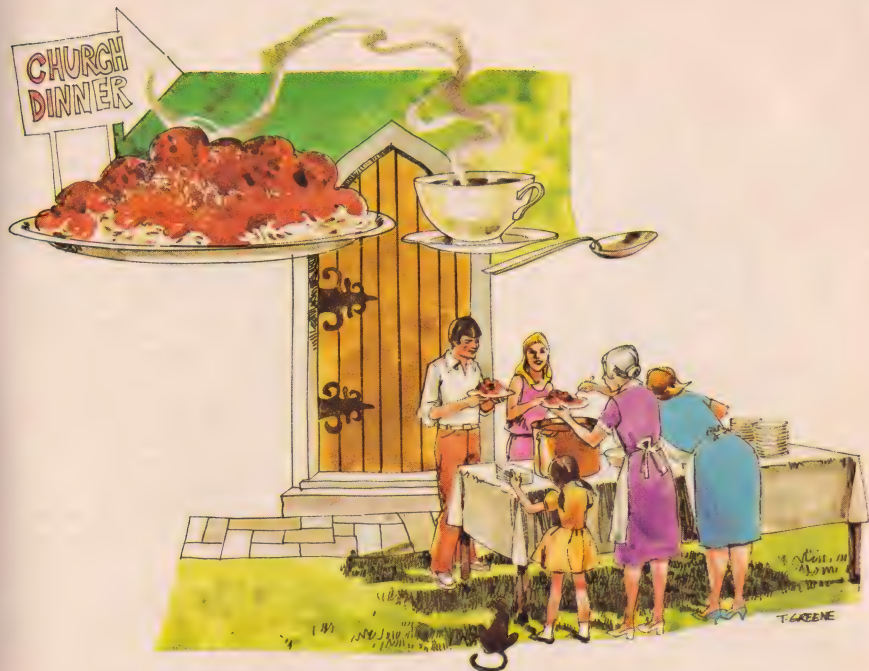
I'm not against eating in restaurants and my travel kit usually includes one or more guidebooks. In addition, I have any number of recommendations from friends.

But some of my best dining has been at communal events, and at times it's been close to home. Once while shopping at a supermarket in the next town, I found a poster for a church supper at St. Mary's, about a mile away.

It was seven o'clock on a Sunday night and supper would be over in less than an hour. We dashed over and because it was late, the ladies of the church were serving huge portions. They buried our plates in meatballs and spaghetti, spaghetti and clam sauce, Sicilian rice balls, a Grand Teton of salad and lasagna, all of it homemade, and all of it good.

And there was a bonus. Since it was near closing time, the women were selling take-home portions. So for \$1.50, we took home two nights' worth of some wonderful cook's lasagna. I never met the woman who fed us for the next two evenings, but she lives in my memory as a kitchen mother-superior to Julia Child.

In my neighborhood, a New York City suburb, church suppers often go by other names. The Greek Orthodox church has a bazouki night. The Armenian Church has an Arabian Nights Festival and Temple Sinai produces a smorgasbord. These are



hardly your usual chicken pot pie and baked bean affairs and they tend to be exotic and high priced.

Recently my wife returned from a trip to France and told me she had attended a church supper in Chammonix because "I knew you'd be interested." I was the interested one, but she was the lucky one who attended a *kermesse* with snails for appetizers, fondue Savoyard and delicatessen as the main courses, along with wine and French pastry for dessert.

That's a far cry from the New England dime-a-dip supper in which patrons pay 10 cents for each spoonful

they take from a buffet of casseroles, salads and desserts, or the annual turkey supper of the Bath, New Hampshire, fire department.

Professor Jere Daniell of Dartmouth College says the church supper is a relatively new development. He feels it was part of the industrialization of America in the 1880s.

"People," he says, "sought to come together for social reasons and you saw the development of other institutions such as Old Home Week and the Grange movement during this era.

"It was also," the professor adds, "an opportunity to vary a generally poor diet." People didn't eat very well



in rural New Hampshire at that time, and Daniell says the group supper gave them a respite from the monotony of home cooking.

As late as the 1920s, many parishioners opposed the idea of conducting suppers to raise church funds. They felt the membership should support the church without involving the general public.

In New Hampshire, the Grange chapters that formed in the small towns in the late 19th century were the first to conduct fund-raising suppers. They became important social occasions and over the years many groups adopted similar plans as a way of filling treasuries and broadening their social activities.

What goes for New Hampshire also goes for Vermont which, because it's closer, has been my happy hunting

grounds for many fall seasons. I try to get up in the early fall when the foliage display is at its peak, but I also try to site my leaf watching near a good church supper. My bible is an events listing from the Travel Division of the State of Vermont.

By following its listings, I've had the chicken pie supper at Waterbury Center and the Lumberjack Breakfast at Groton. I've yet to attend the Kiwanis Chicken Barbecue at Montpelier or the Steak and Lobster Dinner at Jay Peak Ski Area, "By Reservation Only."

There's one supper that's no longer listed. It is, in my eyes, the champion of church suppers, the annual Wild Game Supper of the United Church of Christ, Congregational, of Bradford, Vermont.

It began as a means of raising money for a new church sidewalk. Within a few years, it had expanded its game offerings and was serving about 500 persons, more than most church suppers, but not as big, say, as the Apple Pie Festival of the Community Church of Dummerston Center, which turned over 600 apple pies in its third year.

The Wild Game Supper, with its unusual fare, attracted attention from the national press through a travel promotion known as Discover America in 1971. Suddenly Bradford zoomed from a popular regional attraction to a national event.

Now the supper — always scheduled on the final Saturday before Thanksgiving (November 17 this

year) — calls for almost total involvement by the leaders of the Congregational Church and its 215 parishioners.

In 1976, they fed 1,300 persons and turned away almost that number of requests. This year, after the strain of previous suppers, the organizers are limiting their guests to 1,200 and are raising their ticket prices to \$12 for adults and \$6 for children under 10. Applications for this year's supper must be accompanied by checks and must be postmarked no earlier than October 22. If you care to try your luck, the address is Wild Game Supper, Box 182, Bradford, Vermont 05033.

All 1,200 seats probably will be sold out within two or three days after the first batch of properly postmarked requests arrives.

People come from all over the country for this feast in the church vestry. They wait in groups in the church, often being entertained by musicians, and are ushered into the vestry downstairs where they pass through a buffet line and are served roasts and pies and various 'burgers of raccoon, beaver, rabbit, venison, bear, pheasant, and, depending on availability and the generosity and hunting luck of parishioners, buffalo, moose, elk, antelope, ram or even caribou. At long dining tables, 170 to a sitting, they are served bowls of squash and potatoes and cabbage salad as well as homemade rolls and cider, milk, coffee and tea, and, for dessert, homemade gingerbread topped with cream

that somebody whipped.

Outside of the more sophisticated events in the metropolitan New York area, it is the highest-priced church supper I know, but it attracts an equally knowledgeable clientele who think the food is worth the long trip north from New York, or as the guest book notes, from Norway, England, Germany and Ghana.

The game supper at Bradford is now far removed from its birth as a fund-raising event that depended largely on local residents. In other hands, perhaps, it could be extended to a very prosperous weekend, perhaps in larger quarters. But the people who run the supper have fought off any such suggestions, and they say right now it's where it should be, a one-day, once-a-year fund-raising event in a church basement. They can't help it if everyone wants to attend, but they're not about to change its character. □



A Gift Idea for Your Shopping List



We have an interesting gift idea for your shopping list, no matter whether the gift is for man or woman, at Christmas or on other special occasions: the 144-page *Ford Times Favorite Recipes*, Volume VII. It's more than a recipe book. It's also an easy-to-consult traveler's guide to 237 outstanding American and Canadian restaurants, divided by geographic region, city and state or province. But if it's recipes you want, this collectors' cookbook features 371 — all favorites of the restau-

rants and their outstanding chefs.

Volume VII is larger than any previous volume in this more-than-a-million-copies-sold series of *Ford Times* cookbooks. Each page is $8\frac{5}{8}$ x $10\frac{7}{8}$ inches, features four-color illustrations and has large, easy-to-read type.

The best part of all is this hard-cover book's reasonable price — \$6.95 — a bargain when you compare it with the features and prices of other cookbooks. Order several for the special people on your list.

FORD PUBLICATIONS, Box 1509-B, Dearborn, Michigan 48121
Please send me _____ copies of *Ford Times Favorite Recipes*, Volume VII, at \$6.95 per copy, postpaid. Enclosed is my check payable to Ford Motor Company for \$ _____.

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GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

Cookbook Carnival — A recently published directory entitled *Cookbook Carnival* lists more than 500 cookbooks and the organizations from which they can be ordered. Most of the cookbooks are free, but none is listed that costs more than \$1. To obtain the directory, send \$3.95 to H. W. Hathaway, P.O. Box 893, Dept. 319, Everett, Washington 98026.

Rent-a-Camp — A Rent-a-Camp program has proven so successful that sites have been set up at three additional Arkansas state parks this year: Devil's Den, Mount Nebo and Bull Shoals. Petit Jean and Lake Catherine state parks began the program last year. The sites come equipped with a 10x10-foot tent, two cots with foam mattresses, a propane stove, ice chest, small table, lantern and fire extinguisher. Rental fees are \$10 a night plus a \$10 deposit. For information, contact Arkansas Department of Parks and Tourism, One Capitol Mall, Little Rock, Arkansas 72201, or call (501) 371-1511.

Updated Budget Motel Directory — *The 1979-80 National Directory of Budget Motels* with listings for more than 1,500 motels in 48 states also lists the headquarters for 25 motel chains where you can get additional information; many have toll-free "800" telephone numbers for reservations. The directory is available from the publisher, Pilot Books, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016 for \$2.95 postpaid.

Complete Guide to Vermont Camping — Vermont's 41 state parks and forests, from 13-acre Dutton Pines to the massive Mt. Mansfield State Forest (27,613 acres), provide a wide range of camping grounds and facilities. For a free copy of *Guide to State Parks and Forest Recreation Areas*, write Vermont Agency of Environmental Conservation; Department of Forests, Parks and Recreation; Montpelier, Vermont 05602.

Multilingual Travel Brochures — Visitors to the United States from Europe and Latin America will find useful information about the Tuscarawas Valley, a historically rich and scenic area of southeastern Ohio, in a series of free color brochures printed in German, French, Spanish and English. Specify the language you prefer when you write Tuscarawas County Chamber of Commerce, 1223 4th Street, NW, New Philadelphia, Ohio 44663.



Small Miracles in a Chicken Coop

by Marian A. Rogers

photos by Ginny Weathers

MEET MARGARET Lowe Burke, America's artist-in-residence in a chicken coop! In the old building where she used to gather eggs, Margaret Burke of Americus, Kansas, turns out her famous Marlow

Woodcuts. Mini-sized, three-dimensional woodwonders, all are collectors' items and so tiny you can hold in one hand woodcuts of a deer, a 1914 Stutz Bearcat, a covered bridge or a country doctor on call in his buggy.

Why not a fancy studio? Because Margaret loves the old homestead where she's spent her entire life; the one-time henhouse is right in her backyard. There you'll find her, hands covered with sawdust from the windmill she's just finished. It is one of 45 pieces in a 20- x 40-inch farm scene. It's so lifelike that one can imagine the windmill blades creaking and the farmer putting down his hayfork to crank up a bucket of water.

As you discover enchantment in Margaret's wood sorcery, you may poke around, ask questions or watch. Margaret's touch is feather-light and the saw blade so fine that it looks to be a thread spinning in the sunlight. A

twist, a jog — and a three-masted schooner emerges.

The unusual odor in the shop comes from Margaret's "wood brandy," combining the fragrances of cottonwood, persimmon, cherry, walnut, mahogany and redwood mingling with African ebony or satinwood from the East Indies.

Margaret began to work with wood in 1931. She needed to earn her living and she'd carved as a child. Her product caught on instantly. Today in her barnyard factory, Margaret and five assistants produce more than 10,000 woodcuts yearly.

Her production line is simple. She saws layer-cake style through wood





stacked to different levels. She cuts along the patterns and out pop squirrels, grain stalks, fruits, seas, mountains or a silhouette of a colonial dame.

As she finishes one set, her workers glue them into staggered grooves to achieve depth and sand the frames to a rich gleam.

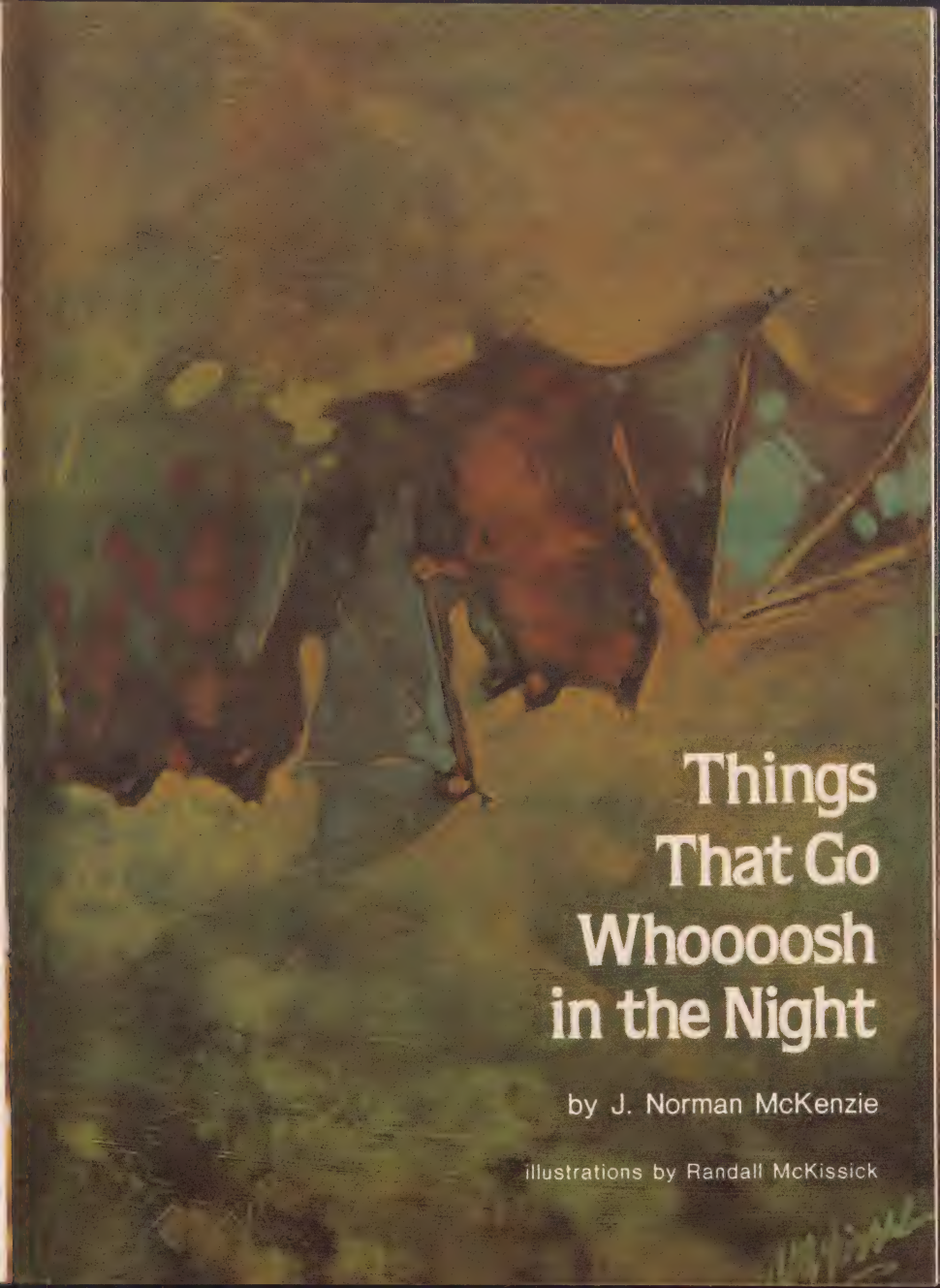
Margaret also custom-makes. Clients bring photos of objects to be recreated in wood. So if longjohns are hanging on a nail in your old tintype and the flap seat's unbuttoned, that is how it will look.

Such attention to detail requires intense concentration and Margaret's eyes seldom stray from her work unless she is distracted by a possum ambling up the walk.

Margaret's wood work has lured merchant princes and visitors from all the states and many foreign countries. Even nationally known department stores such as Wanamakers and Marshall Field have tried to buy her masterpieces for selling to their customers, but Margaret prefers to sell directly to customers so more people can afford a Marlow original.

Her objects of Americana have brought Margaret Lowe Burke a lifetime of happiness. She works long hours keeping up with orders. She's three years behind, but people keep ordering and coming by.

You can see her at her shop Monday through Friday or by appointment. Americus is seven miles north of Emporia. □

The background of the cover is a dark, atmospheric illustration. It depicts a bat in flight, its wings spread wide, silhouetted against a slightly lighter, hazy night sky. Below the bat, the dark, indistinct shapes of trees and foliage are visible, creating a sense of a nocturnal forest scene. The overall color palette is dominated by dark browns, blacks, and muted greens, with some lighter, yellowish-green highlights that suggest moonlight or distant lights.

Things That Go Whooooosh in the Night

by J. Norman McKenzie

illustrations by Randall McKissick

PEOPLE OF ALL ages are fond of Batman, the comic strip character who is forever saving somebody from the bad guys, yet few of any age care much for the creature Batman is named after.

Things might have been otherwise if, instead of Mickey Mouse, Walt Disney had come up with Billy Bat. But such is not the case, and, in consequence, the lot of the bat continues to be a hard one.

Even our dictionaries put him down. Four of the most popular ones accord the bat second place in their scale of definitions, spending more space defining "a stout solid stick used in baseball and cricket" than on this much-misunderstood creature who has the distinction of being the world's only flying mammal.

People make matters worse. They call him names he isn't. He is not "blind as a bat." Indeed, he sees very well, especially in the dark. Moreover, he is not a "flying mouse." He is not even remotely related to one — either field, house or church. They are rodents. The bat has an order all its own — *Chiroptera*. That's derived from the Greek word meaning "hand-wing."

Yet, despite the bad press the bat has had in dictionary, fiction and folklore, he continues to live and thrive in just about every corner of the globe except the polar regions. Bats like caves, crevices, tree hollows, tunnels, and abandoned buildings. Some bats even spend summer days hanging in trees with dense foliage. They like

any quiet place where they can flutter and hang by their heels until the sun drops below the horizon.

For bats are creatures of the dark, not because they like to scare people, but because, for most species, their diets of flying insects are also creatures of the dark.

Some species prefer fruit and dine in their tropical climes on mangoes or bananas and various berries. Others sip nectar from flowers and are as deft at pollinating as the busiest bumblebee. Some species live on a diet of fish, gaffed in flight with precision that would make the proudest fishhawk sit up and take notice.

But, by and large, most bats prefer insects, everything from mosquitoes to termites, biting flies and beetles. One naturalist has called the bat an ecologically perfect insecticide. Dr. Alvin Novick, associate professor of biology at Yale University, says "We owe a debt of gratitude to these dynamic insecticides."

But some people are always looking for the bad apple. In the world's big barrel of bats, that subject seems always to lead to the vampire. Now, unless you go looking for him in the wilds of Mexico, South or Central America, you are not likely ever to encounter a vampire bat. And, should you find one, expecting to meet a bloodthirsty ferocious fellow, you are bound to be disappointed. Dr. Novick, who knows as much about vampire bats as anybody, says they rarely bite people. In fact, says he, they are "timid and rather inoffensive." Of



course, bats will try to defend themselves if handled and are not reluctant to bite in such a situation.

Bats, as a general rule, prefer the company of their own kind, rather than that of man. Although they will seek out any quiet secluded place for hanging out together, caves in the Southwest are popular choices. One census of bats taken in Texas in 1957 estimated that there were about 100 million bats residing in the caves of the Lone Star state. New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns regularly play host to about 9 million bats. Dr. Novick estimates the world bat population to be about 10 billion.

Of the 850 or so catalogued species, only about 30 are found in the United States. The most common here are the little brown bat and the

big brown bat. At maturity, the big brown bat is not very big (about five weigh a mere two ounces) and his little brown cousin, by comparison, is quite small (it requires about 10 of them to tip the scale at two ounces).

Imagine a field mouse with one large membranous wing between his right forefoot and right hind foot, and another between his left forefoot and left hind foot, and you have a fairly good picture of a little brown bat. Think of an overgrown field mouse similarly constructed and you've got yourself a big brown bat.

The smallest of these flying mammals is the bamboo bat. He's such a runt that he could hide under a bumblebee — and sometimes does. Big man on the bat campus is the flying fox, a native of India with a wing-



spread of five feet. Bats of the Solomon islands and New Guinea are equally large.

Some bats hibernate in winter, others migrate to warmer climes. Oddly enough, a few in New England migrate in winter to northern Vermont where they go right into hibernation.

When it comes to flying, the bat is a showboater. In some ways he's got it all over the birds. That's because his wings are in reality "hands" with all fingers (except the thumb) linked by a powerful membrane, an arrangement that gives him unusual flexibility. He can execute sharp turns, somersaults and dives and can hover or soar as gracefully as a falcon. Some bats can land on a bush without so much as making the tiniest leaf flutter.

How astonishing to see a flock of birds wheeling and churning in the sunlight without once bumping into one another.

How much more astonishing that a thousand — in fact as many as 10,000 — bats can pull off the same stunt in the dark confines of a cave. Yet they do it at least twice a day — particularly at sunset when they go forth to feed and again before dawn when they return to sleep in their topsy-turvy fashion.

It's not done with mirrors. It's done with a marvelously sensitive sonar system called *echolocation*. The bat sends out high-pitched sounds at the rate of 25 to 200 per second. These bounce off whatever is in its path, and the bat's ears tell it what is ahead, how far away it is and which way it's

moving. Although the frequency of the bat's sonar signal is out of man's hearing range on the decibel scale, it would make an awful clatter if we were sensitive to its pulses. The bat withstands the sound because of a special muscular "baffle" that deadens the awful din. These same eardrums can hear a pin drop hundreds of feet away.

Helping to keep his hearing keen, the bat seems to like washing his ears. Indeed, he's as clean a fellow as you'll find, forever grooming, licking his lustrous fur to keep it neat, sprucing himself up even during hibernation. And mother bats are constantly licking stray dirt from their infants' faces and generally setting them a good example of cleanliness.

If bats are so well-groomed and so clever, how come so many people are still terrified at their very mention?

It all boils down to man's instinctive distrust of the unfamiliar. Although some of us have seen bats, most likely chasing insects under a street light on a warm summer night, a surprisingly large number of people go through life without ever witnessing these creatures — except in a horror movie or as a Halloween decoration, riding shotgun for a witch brigade. Others, for no logical reason, equate bats with "the powers of evil," with things spooky, with our age-old fear of the dark and the things that go whoooosh in that darkness.

The literary world has not helped the bat's cause, either. Writers too busy or too indolent (or both) to be

truly creative can always reach for the stereotype.

Want to make a scene scary? Set it in an abandoned house with bats flying around. Need a nightmarish opening? Bring on the vampire bats — but exaggerate their size. Make them look like the gentle flying fox. Ring in a creaking shutter or a howling wind.

The fact remains that the bats of



North America are generally harmless except when rabid — and that's not common — and they consume enormous quantities of mosquitoes and other unwanted insects.

Scary or not, they are useful creatures. □

Letters Letters Letters

High Praise for Granada

Your article in the March 1979 *Ford Times* entitled "Granada — An American Classic" reminded me of the following incident. Some time ago my

son, who had just purchased a Granada, was transferred by his company to a new location in Canada. Over the Labor Day weekend his wife and family, who were waiting to join him, met him at our home (a half-way point) for the holiday. When my son and his 6-year-old daughter picked me up after work, I said to Susie, "Do you miss your daddy since he went to Canada?" "Yes," she replied with a long sigh, "but I miss the Granada more." An unsolicited testimonial!

Mrs. Calvin Kost
Meadville, Pennsylvania

You're Welcome!

We want to express our thanks for *Ford Times*, which is sent to us courtesy of Schwieder Ford in Steelville, Missouri. We enjoy the many articles, especially those about trips that one might take to various states. Our days

of long-distance traveling are over, yet we travel vicariously through *Ford Times*. All 10 cars we've owned have been Fords. We bought the first one in 1918 and the latest in 1977.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Baker
Cook Station, Missouri

Have Econoline, Will Travel

My wife, Lian, and our 3-year-old son, Dylan, and I recently completed a 15-month trip during which we drove our Ford Econoline Van to the ends of the world's northernmost and southernmost roads (in Norway and Tierra del Fuego) and along the overland route to India. The enclosed photo shows us camping in Panama at the Pacific entrance to the canal. During the trip we visited 34 countries and put 45,000 miles on our van. We

also covered 8,000 miles by air and an equal distance by freighter.

Jim Couper
Port Colborne, Ontario



**SOME PEOPLE LAUGHED
WHEN WE COMPARED THE LOOKS
OF A FORD GRANADA
WITH A \$22,000 MERCEDES.**

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Mr. & Mrs.
George Nazarian

People like George and Eve Nazarian, shown above, know a classic when they see it. That's why they're as pleased with their American classic, Granada, as they are with their German classic, Mercedes.

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*Compare this estimate to the estimated MPG of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather, and distance. The actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. Calif. ratings lower.

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